

Emil. The Sun grows high, less walk in, keep these flowers,
Weele see how neere Art can come neere their colours;
I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.

Wom. I could lie downe I am sure.

Emil. And take one with you?

Wom. That's as we bargaine Madam,

Emil. Well, agree then.

Exeunt Emilia and woman.

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty?

Arc. Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes a matchles beauty.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himselfe and love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Beslrew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.

Pal. You love her then?

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her?

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes, but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not as you doe; to worship her;
As she is heavenly, and a blessed Goddess;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)
So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all.

Arc. Not love at all.

Who shall deny me?

Pal. I that first saw her; I that tooke possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties
In her reveald to mankind: if thou lou'st her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow
False as thy Title to her: friendship, blood
And all the tyes betweene us I disclaime

If thou once thinke upon her.

Arc. Yes I love her,

And if the lives of all my name la

I must doe so, I love her with my

If that will lose ye, farewell *Palamon*

I say againe, I love, and in loving

I am as worthy, and as free a love

And have as just a title to her be

As any *Palamon* or any living

That is a mans Sonne.

Pal. Have I cald thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so

Let me deale coldly with you, an

Part of you blood, part of your s

That I was *Palamon*, and you w

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to tho

Those joyes, greifes, angers, feares

Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why then would you c

So strangely, so vnlike a noble k

To love alone? speake truly, d

Vnworthy of her sight?

Pal. No; but unjust,

If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because an other

First sees the Enemy, shall I stan

And let mine honour downe, a

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one

Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one say so,

And use thy freedome: els if th

Be as that cursed man that hate

A branded villaine.

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be.

Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, i